1486 b1

POLITICKS IN MINIATURE:

OR,

The Humours of PUNCH'S RESIGNATION.

A Tragi-Comi-Farcical-Operatical PUPPET-SHOW.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year MDCCXLII.

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POLITICKS in MINIATURE:

OR,

The Humours of Punch's Reſignation, &c.

Totus Mundus agit Hiſtrionem—Ligneum.
Valeat Res Ludicra.——

THAT all the World is a *Stage-Play*, and all Men are merely Players, is a Reflection as juſt as it is common. The Similitude may be carried farther, by comparing it to a *Farce*, in which the Scenes have more of the *Ridiculous*; and, I think yet farther, if we fall in with the Sentiments of my following Correſpondent, who has ſent me a Scene of a *Puppet-Shew*.—I can ſay no more of *where* it was perform'd, or *who* are the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, than Mr. *Gay* explains of the Secret Hiſtory of his *What-d'ye-call-it*.

There is a Meaning in it, and no Doubt
You All have Senſe enough to find it out.

SCENE I.

Maſter *of the Puppet-Show and* Punch.

Maſter. VAT, Maſter *Punch*, make you in in ſuch Paſſion?

Punch. Z——ns! all the Puppets are in Confederacy againſt me.—— There are Plots;—— Plots in the State, Sir.

Maſter. Plots! Vat you call Plots, Maſter *Punch?*

Punch. I'll tell you what I call Plots.—— You know I have been the *Hero* of the Stage for twenty Years: I have acted all the principal Parts: I have diverted the Publick with ſeveral ingenious Pranks; made heroic and witty Speeches; knock'd down thoſe Puppets that affronted me; kick'd thoſe off the Stage that contradicted me; introduc'd thoſe that complimented me. Thus have I reign'd, with diſtinguiſh'd Luſtre, at the Head of your Company of *Wooden Politicians.*

Maſter. Vary well, Maſter *Punch:* But vere be dis grand Plot? You have often talk'd of de Plot, and de Plot; but vere be dis Plot?

Punch. There are Parties form'd againſt *Me*; and ſome of the Puppets have been bold enough to ſay that I ſhould not be at the Head of the Company any longer.

Maſter.

Maſter. Be dis de *Plot?*—Dis is only 'gainſt *You.* I tought againſt *Me* dat it was laid by mine Puppets.

Punch. Why, have I not told you a hundred Times, That is the very ſame Thing. Witneſs, ye Gods! that through my Sides they ſtrike at You: They look on all my Actions as yours: They know I move and have my Being from you; and whatever Part I play, it is with *your* Conſent.

Maſter. Vary true. But if I command you to *ſay dis*, or *do dat*, ſhall raſcally damn'd Puppets contradict me? Don't dey know dat I hold de Strings dat move dem about on de Stage? Dat I ſpeak what you ſqueak out? Dat——

Punch. No, Sir: They ſay that they have felt a new Kind of *Inſpiration*; and that ſome *God*, or other, has endu'd them with new *Faculties* and *Powers*; and that they can ſpeak and act upon *new Principles.* Therefore, in the Scenes they now play, you are to look on them not as mere Pieces of Wood, but as real Characters.

Maſter. Oh! ho!—Den dat—(vat you call?)—dat *Inſpiration* be de *Plot.* And all mine Puppet in dis Plot?

Punch. No, No: I have a ſtrong Party, as you will ſee ſoon. If you will ſit down here behind this *Screen*, from whence you us'd to prompt

prompt me, you ſhall ſee ſuch a Scene play'd among your Puppets, as will be an errant *Droll.*

Maſter. And who move de *Strings* all dis Time?

Punch. You are ſtill imagining us real wooden Figures. Be a Spectator of a real Repreſentation, and I will begin the Farce.——Whenever you think proper of *ſpeaking* or *acting* a Part with us, it muſt be behind the *Screen.*——

Maſter. —— Vary vell! —— Mine Show-Houſe is full of Spectators; the Curtain draws up; and,——ha! ha! enter Maſter *Punch* for de *Prologue.*

Enter Punch.

Punch. Britons *attend!*——*nor haughtily diſdain*
To view the Actions of our mimic Scene;
A Group of various Characters it brings,
All Stateſmen, and all mov'd by ſecret Springs.
In Fiction's Guiſe we real Truths rehearſe;
The World, and the World's Rulers prove a Farce:
Nor, Stateſmen, *dare our Stateſmen here deſpiſe;*
As you they're honeſt, and as you they're wiſe.
But, laying tragic Rants aſide, you ſee
The comic Heroe of the Show in Me.
In me behold him who ne'er had his Fellow,
Enobled by the Title PUNCHINELLO.

Long

Long o'er the Stage I've born tyrannic Sway,
And made the Puppet Herd my Pow'r obey;
I bluſter'd, laugh'd, ſwore, ſwagger'd,
kick'd,—and then,
In humbleſt Mood, I took ſome Kicks again.
But now behold me in an odder Station,
Playing the Farce of Stateſman's Reſignation,
A Scene I ſtill ſhall do leſs Good than Hurt in;
Then bid you kiſs my---,*and drop the Curtain.*
[Exit *Punch.*

Maſter. O rare *Punch!* Dat vas admirably vell ſpoke.—Now de Scene opens with *Punch*'s Puppets. Dere be de *Cockade* Puppets, de *Blue*, de *Green*, de *Red*, de *Black* and *White*—Vat call you dis Scene, Maſter *Punch?*

Scene diſcovers Punch *at his Levee of Puppets.*

Punch. This is the *Levee.*—Tho' there is thought to be much Art requir'd to play this Scence, it is no more than a Woman of common Beauty does every Day in the Drawing-Room.

SONG.

The Cocquette, *encircled round*
With the Fops ſhe deigns to wound,
Shews the Wiſdom of the Fair,
Smiling here, and ogling there;

Raiſing

Raiſing Hopes by kindly glancing;
Seeming Favours now advancing;
All in Turns expect the Bleſſing;
All enſur'd of the Poſſeſſing:
But the ſly Maid at Love's true Call,
To ſome fond Creature of her Heart,
Who moſt ſhe thinks can Love impart,
Glad gives her Hand, and jilts them all.

Like the Art of the Cocquette,
Is our Conduct in the State;
Circled by a hundred round,
Hundred little Arts are found;
Here by bowing, there aſſuring;
Here by whiſp'ring, there alluring;
All expect the Favour granted;
All ſure of the Place they wanted:
But find, miſtaken in their Friend,
The Stateſman *never Favour gave,*
But like the Woman to the Slave,
Who beſt he thought could ſerve his End.

This has been my Maxim from my coming into Power, and I will retain it to my going out of it. Among all theſe there may not be five but may wiſh me hang'd, if it was not their Intereſt to have me at the Head of them: And that I can't be long; therefore I muſt manage them with all the Art I am Maſter of.

[*Comes from the Side Scene towards the Puppets.*

Your

Your Servant, Gentlemen. —We ſat late laſt Night.—

1ſt Puppet. Had we carried your *Honour's* Point, we ſhou'd not have grudg'd the Hardſhip of the Service. You find we are ſtaunch: Not Death can affright us: The Sick, the Lame, forget their Diſeaſes: Poor Mr. *W---rs* came beſwaddled up in Blankets; yet all wou'd not do: We loſt the Queſtion.

Puppet H---ce. Ay, that damn'd *W---r Election* has done our Buſineſs. Three or four thouſand Pounds, well laid out laſt Summer, wou'd have done more than three or fourſcore thouſand can now.

Punch. Brother, Brother, that is the ſevereſt Stroke we have felt: Such another will compel me to quit the Stage.

Puppet H---ce. Quit the Stage! What will become of me?

Punch. Never fear: I have a Way to bring you off ſafe, as well as myſelf.

Puppet H---ce. The Devil you have.—I am then one of the happieſt Dogs in *England.* What? No Account for my *American* Tranſactions? No Enquiry? No Refunding?

Enter Puppet Y—— *in a Hurry.*

Puppet Y——. Where, where's his *Honour?*

Punch. Why in ſuch a Hurry, Mr. *Secretary?* What News from the Army?

Puppet Y——. There is a Deſertion in your *Corps de Reſerve*. The *Welſh* Forces have openly revolted;——but as for the *Northern*, I can give you no certain Account of them.

Punch. They may try what Forage they can get; but they will come back to their Colours.

Puppet Y——. I have been making fine, ſmooth, oratorically-affecting Speeches to them, and all to no Purpoſe: You muſt haſten into the Field of Battle yourſelf, and try if you can rally your Forces before you are intirely beat out of it.

Punch. A moſt metaphorical Deſcription of having loſt the *M-j-r-ty*. Well, Gentlemen, all go and do your Duty: This is the laſt public Effort we can make: I have ſome important Affairs to tranſact immediately; but I ſhall meet you at-----

[*Exeunt* Punch *and his Gang ſeparately.*

Scene changes.

Enter three Puppets in private Conference.

Capt. *Caledon*. Look'ye, Gentlemen, I am againſt your Propoſal. I will not hear of a *Screen*.

Mr. *Engliſh*. Nor can I approve of your *Latitudinarian* Principles of taking All into Play.

Mr.

Mr. *Worceſter.* I am againſt carrying Things to Extremity.----I hate *Punch* as much as any of you; but if he will voluntarily go off the Stage, then his Scene of Action ends.

Capt. *Caledon.* I don't know that: We have Characters which often ſpeak from behind the Scenes. In ſhort, we do nothing, if, after we have turn'd them out from being an *Actor*, we make him *Prompter.*-----The principal Characters will get into his blundering Way, from the *Cues* he will give them.

Mr. *Engliſh.* Tho' you may caſt yourſelves what Parts you pleaſe; you may play the General, and you the Caſhier; yet you know the Maſter cannot bear the Name of the old faſhion'd, high buskin'd Puppets, which he calls the *Tory-Rories.*

Capt. *Caledon.* Without an abſolute Coalition of all the Company, and expelling *Punch* even from behind the Scenes, I am determin'd not to act, but will only come on the Stage, as *Cato* did into the Theatre, to go away again.

Worceſter. The Buſineſs of the Stage muſt not ſtand ſtill; and I would rather play any tolerable Part, than have it worſe perform'd.

Capt. *Caledon.* I find *Punch* has more Intereſt than I imagin'd, and is preſſing a Sequel Interlude behind the Scenes, while we are buſy on the Stage.

Mr.

Mr. *Engliſh.* Which he will call the *Mock-Reſignation.*

Capt. *Caledon.* And which will be damn'd, with every Actor in it.----The Moment therefore I ſee the Rehearſal of it begin, I will leave the Company.----You know my Sentiments.---Adieu. *Exit.*

Mr. *Engliſh.* This Difference of Opinions bodes no Good. I know not what to think of it.

Worceſter. I muſt think of playing the Part I have undertaken, as well as I can: And tho' I appear in *Punch*'s Place, I muſt not talk in the ſame Tone.

Mr. *Engliſh.* Nor act in the ſame Manner; unleſs you would meet with the Fate Capt. *Caledon* prognoſticated.

Worceſter. Bleſs me! What means this Change? I am no longer free: Some ſecret String pulls back my Arm: Another moves my Tongue: I am an arrant Puppet.

Mr. *Engliſh.* Something has made a little Alteration in me. I don't move as vigorous as before. Some one behind the Curtain has got playing *Tricks* with the *Strings.*

Worceſter. Hey Day! Here are half the *Puppets* come on with *new Motions* and *new Faces.*

Punch.

Punch *behind the Scenes.*

Now, Sirs, You ſhall ſee what you ſhall ſee.---Obſerve that *Puppet*, that ſtorms and raves, and calls Names:----With this little Touch he is *dumb*.----D'ye ſee *him* that ſtands by the Scene and wont come on.----*Preſto*----I diſpatch this Embaſſador to him: He takes him by the Hand, and is in Action immediately.----What's that Fellow talking of *War?* ---- Here, Sir, pull this little String, and he turns about: Now hark---

A Puppet ſqueaks.---Negotiations, if honourable, and *Treaties* of *N---tr---y* may ſometimes be allow'd.

Maſter. But *Punch*, dat vas you dat did ſqueak de *Negotiation.*

Punch. But that is not ſeen by any Body but you: And therefore in the playing this whole Scence, the Joke lies in making them ſqueak my Words in their own Voices.

Maſter, Ver good *Joke!*

Punch. Yes it paſſes.

Maſter. And vid dis Joke you end your *Show.*

Punch. No. I think an *Epilogue* may be neceſſary, after I have new-modell'd your Puppets. Then thus I come in upon the Stage, and boldly ſpeak.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Good People all, ſtrange Things we do
In this our burleſque Puppet-Show:
But ſtrange as they appear to you,
They are not ſtranger than they're true.
Some Criticks of deep Penetration
May learn our mimic Reſignation,
" *And ſay that our Cataſtrophe*
" *Does not with Puppet Rules agree:*
" *Vengeance, for* Punch's *Crimes, ſhou'd catch*
" *him,*
" *And at the laſt the* Devil *fetch him.*"
We have not brought the Scene to View,
But yet the Devil *may have his Due;*
—For which Punch *has the Pray'rs of you.*

FINIS.